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them both. All who have ever heard of Philo Judæus will remember the proverb, "Aut Philo platonizat, aut Plato philonizat." If the study of Plato's works at the distance of three centuries in the Alexandrian Library produced such a pointed resemblance between him and Philo, how much more between contemporaries, between the only two superiorly educated writers of the New Testament, between master and disciple, between two who shared a gradually narrowing circle of comrades, which dwindled down at last to themselves (2 Tim. iv. 11). A probable ground for this constancy is to be sought in profound harmonies of personal character, while the pressure of persecution from without would force yet more closely together the impressive and the impressed mind. Mr. Evans has done well to bring this out. He seems to have been some years at work on his subject, as probably has Dr. Hobart. A few more years will doubtless bring the former that maturity of judgment which will lead him to see the limits of what can be proved by identity of phrase words and idiom, and perhaps to recognise duality in spite of seeming coincidence.

HENRY HAYMAN, D.D.

ART. IV.—A YEAR'S RESIDENCE AMONG THE SAVOYARD ALPS.

SAVOY is a part of Central Europe comparatively little known, and yet few countries on the Continent present a greater variety of interest, either for the tourist, the historian, the naturalist, or the sportsman. There are certain portions of it with which every traveller is familiar, such, for example, as Mont Blanc, and Aix-les-Bains; but those districts which lie more remote from the public route are seldom explored, and are therefore not very often visited, except by an adventurous Alpine climber, or by some settler who, either for amusement or for health, may have taken up his residence for a year or so in the interior.

The scenery is superb, the climate invigorating, and the people peaceful and inoffensive. Living is, at least was, very moderate, and the wines of the country wholesome, inexpensive, and exceedingly good. The winters are cold, but the air is dry, crisp, and bracing. From November to the end of March, mountain and plain are covered with a mantle of snow. The sun shines brightly every day, and it is very seldom that the weather prevents outdoor exercise, whether walking,

sledging, or skating. If the winters are cold, the summers are proportionately warm. The transition from the one season to the other takes place without the same intermediate experience of spring weather to which we are accustomed here in England. There is an interval, but a short one, of a mean temperature between "the cold of each December, and the warmth of each July." Still, for all that, the winter may be said to come to a more abrupt termination than what happens in our climate. So also may it be said of the summer. While it lasts it is very warm, so that it is not agreeable to walk about during the day between the hours of twelve and four in the plains. On the mountain ranges the atmosphere is cooler, so that Alpine-climbing can be comfortably carried on all through the entire season without personal inconvenience. In order thoroughly to enjoy a Savoyard residence, the best thing to do is to put up for a time at Chambéry, and make excursions all round among the mountains which form the natural barriers between Savoy, France, and Switzerland. It is quite easy to ascend all the Alps in this region—Dent de Nivolet, the Mont du Chat, Mont Grenier,[1] and other mountains within a radius of from twelve to fourteen English miles from the capital. Those of the Swiss range are a little farther.

The valley of the Maurienne and its contiguous mountains can be explored from the picturesque little town of St. Jean-Maurienne, embowered amid the foot-hills which form part of the Mont Cenis range. The interest is inexhaustible for the sportsman, the tourist, or the traveller. If a man is fond of angling he will find some very pretty mountain streams in the valley about six miles from St. Jean, where, without let or hindrance, he can go out in the early summer's morning—or, better still, in the evening—amid wild and magnificent scenery, and fill his basket with lovely trout, perfect specimens of their kind. It affords great amusement, partly from the certainty of success, and partly because of the unsophisticated character of these Alpine trout. Artificial flies seem quite a new experience to them. I do not know whether these sparkling streams have, or have not, been spoiled, like many of the once obscure but charming little rivers, by the incursion of tourists since the opening of the railway from Culoz to St. Jean-le-Maurienne. No "personally conducted" groups of sightseers in those days ever ventured into such inhospitable wilds. It was a real pleasure to live where one could enjoy in unmolested solitude the ever-varying and magnificent prospects along the range of the Mont Cenis mountain, with all its adjoining Alps.

In summer, a walk among the wild flowers, from early morn

[1] Mont Grenier may be easily ascended in four hours. It is 5,700 feet high.

to dewy eve, was a pleasure, the only drawback to which was its short-lived duration. The day was not long enough to enable me to realize to the full extent the indescribable blessing of being alone, and yet not alone, among these snow-clad mountains with their verdant slopes and quiet little oases, amid the bosom of the everlasting hills. I have been lonely, and perhaps just a little sad, when first as a perfect stranger I took up my residence in London, Paris, and other large cities upon the Continent of Europe. I have been more or less homesick when I found myself, unknowing and unknown, in New York, Philadelphia, Boston, San Francisco, and other large cities on the great Continent of America. But, never have I had one hour of solitariness amid the wild and rugged Alps, or when wandering at will among the flowers thrown together with such careless grandeur over the enamelled fields. While tracing out the wonderfully constructed handiwork of the Great Architect of the Universe, I had no time for any other feeling but that of surprise at finding the sublime and beautiful at almost every step I took amid the exquisite arrangements of the wise Master Builder. Though no human sound fell upon my ear, on those occasions when walking by myself, yet there were voices of another kind that riveted my attention, and never suffered me for a moment to feel dull or weary. I have seldom, if ever, known purer pleasures than what those Alpine rambles supplied, unstinted and unbidden. I found "tongues in trees, sermons in stones, books in the running brooks, and good in everything." The silent eloquence of those heathery glens, and the modest appeals of those wild flowers, with their quiet and unobtrusive beauty, and their agreeable and instructive variety, conveyed to me better and more enduring lessons in divinity than all the dusty and worm-eaten volumes of the Greek and Latin Fathers put together. There is no place where the student of Nature is so happy as in those wild retreats. Overweening cares about this life, or the deceitfulness of riches, or the love of human applause, or the straining after worldly honour, things that "play around the head, but come not near the heart," have no temptations for him upon those mountains of enchantment. Health, serenity of mind, and quiet thoughtfulness on the ways of Him Whose name is "Wonderful," are the sure reward of such studies in natural theology. As we walk along, Nature literally strews our path with flowers. Elegance and beauty spring up at our very feet. There is always something to study. New scenes will suggest new trains of thought. Morning, noon, and eve, each presents its own fragrance and ever-varying features. And day by day, the harmony and wisdom of the Creator become more and

more manifest, and insensibly fill the soul with thoughts too deep for utterance.

The seasons of the year have their own peculiar attractions. Winter with all its rigour of frost and snow presents a special beauty, unlike anything of the kind known in England. The out-stretched branches of the pine-trees, covering, with their darkly, deeply beautiful verdure, the sides of the valleys and the slopes of the mountains, almost up to the very summits of the smaller ranges, are covered with frozen snowflakes, which, shining in the morning sun, are like myriads of brilliants strung together with lavish splendour. The air, though cold, is clear and crisp. Unlike the spasmodic falls of snow in this country, the region of Savoy has its snowfall early in November, and during the winter all Nature is covered with a mantle of the purest whiteness. There is nothing uncertain about the weather. People get ready their sledges, and enjoy their easy-going motion over the congealed snow. It is not easy to decide between the respective claims of summer and winter. Both are beautiful in their own way. The scenery at both seasons is awe-inspiring. The treasures of the snow are inexhaustible, and as the sun each day shines forth with its genial rays, there is every inducement for exercise, and plenty of opportunities for making explorations all round.

The mountains which surround the Maurienne valley are well supplied with chamois, but let no untrained pedestrian venture in pursuit of such game. It involves very hard work, and a power of endurance that may well tax even the most vigorous constitution. One should sojourn for a time among the mountains, under the direction of a well-disciplined guide. Bears also are to be found, both the black and the brown. The Sardinian Government offered eighty francs as a reward for every bear that was killed, and they are, or were, gradually disappearing from the country. I used to go out bear-shooting among the forests on the sides of the mountains at each side of the Maurienne valley, about five or six miles this side of St. Jean. It was necessary to have a good guide, as otherwise it was difficult to find one's way among the forests. On the last occasion that I ever went out on these expeditions, I was accompanied by three or four engineers, engaged in the construction of the Victor Emmanuel Railway. After several hours' fruitless search we came upon a large bear, who on hearing us moved off. Our guide, who knew the haunts of the animal, led us almost to the very verge of a precipice. Here, pausing, he descended a few yards, when he alighted upon a jutting rock. Looking into a cave, he thought he saw in the corner "the ears of the bear," as he said; and aiming at an imaginary point between them, he fired, and to his delight he

heard the body of the bear falling on the ground. He succeeded in getting the animal, which had been shot dead, and subsequently we conveyed it to the house of the guide. It was a very fortunate shot for him. He received eighty francs from the Government. He sold all the "bear's grease," at a franc and a half per pound—such horrid stuff! it took about ten francs worth of scent to kill the strong odour of a quarter of a pound of this once famous unguent for promoting the growth of the hair, and along with the quarter pound the perfumers had to add a pound of some other grease. He charged the peasants a few sous for admission to see the bear, and for the skin he obtained about thirty francs more. It was quite a gala day in the mountain village. The guide was dressed in his best Sunday clothes, and to everyone who entered, wine was freely and hospitably offered by him. These bears do a considerable amount of damage to the crops of the peasants; they also upset their beehives and devour the honey. They are very dangerous, especially to children, if by chance any of them should be encountered in the evening as the bears prowl about the outskirts of the villages. They are a great nuisance, and it is no wonder that rewards were offered for their destruction.

There is a bird called the *Grive*—not to be confounded with the Grebe—a sort of fieldfare, with a slate-coloured patch of feathers on its back. It inhabits the tall trees in the forests, and is very fond of the mountain berries. They were considered a great luxury, and the ordinary price at a first-class hotel was five francs for one bird. Some friends of mine sat down to a dinner at Aix-les-Bains, and on looking at our bill we found that we were charged separately for two birds. When the matter was pointed out to the proprietor, he simply shrugged his shoulders and said, "Mais messieurs, les grives—que voulez-vous ?"

There were not many hares in the district round about, and the few that were there had but a short-lived existence after the first day of the opening of the shooting season, the 1st of August. Everybody who could afford to pay ten francs was allowed to carry a gun, and to shoot wherever he pleased, so that the hares had a bad time of it. In one whole season, from August to the end of February following, I never saw but one hare, though I was continually among the mountains and on the plains. The dogs of the villages killed many of them, and the "pot-hunter," who had a license to shoot all over the country, destroyed what had escaped the dogs.

Blackcock were fairly plentiful in the mountains about the town of Aiguebelle, the *Aquabella* of the Romans, so called, I suppose, because of the clear water that flowed continuously

through the streets on each side. Partridges were not plentiful, but by hard walking, and covering a good deal of ground with a good dog, one could manage to pick up a few brace, after a long day's trudging on the sides of the mountains, low down, and through the valley. As in all countries where there are no game laws, and where every inhabitant is free to shoot whatever he pleases in the way of ground-game or birds, there is but very little hope of the preservation of game in the same way as in those countries where the game laws are strictly enforced.

It must be borne in mind that I am describing Savoy as it was under the Sardinian Government, and not as it is under the French. This country has had a history of its own, in some respects unique, and in most respects unsatisfactory. Situated between France, Switzerland, and Italy, it became the battle-ground of all parties. Formerly, under the reign of Napoleon, it belonged to France, under the title of "the Department of the Rhone." Subsequently it fell to the lot of the King of Sardinia, and then it was known as the Duchy of Savoy. Together with Piedmont and the little island of Sardinia—from which the kingdom derived its name—it constituted an important part of the territory ruled over by "*il re galantuomo*," Victor Emmanuel. Unfortunately the natural barrier of the Alps separated Savoy from Piedmont so completely that the people, their language, and their sympathies, were more in accordance with France than with Sardinia. In the Franco-Austrian campaign Savoy was once more severed from Piedmont, and it has been replaced in its former position as an integral portion of the French nation. Thus it has been a sort of political shuttlecock, tossed about now by France, and now by Austria, and now by Italy, according to the fortunes of war, and the complexion of the times.

Another disadvantage under which the Savoyards were obliged to exist, and make the best of it, was the curious dilemma in which the people were placed by having to obey two opposite and contradictory sets of laws for the regulation of the public orders of the State. One of these was the old "Code pénal" introduced by Napoleon, and the other, "Le Statut," which was given by Charles Albert as the first instalment of civil and religious freedom. But the awkwardness of the case consisted in the fact that while the latter was promulgated as the inauguration of a reign of liberty, the former rigorous and despotic code had not been repealed. Hence it sometimes happened that a man was arrested, tried, and condemned for something which under the Napoleonic Code constituted a distinct offence, whereas, under the milder jurisdiction of the Code of Charles Albert, the man was perfectly innocent, and

only using the freedom to which he was justly entitled under the more recent administration. For example, I knew a man of the name of Joseph Jacquet, who lived in the village of St. Julien, not very far from Geneva, but in the Duchy of Savoy. He had been a schoolmaster, and a Roman Catholic; but from some cause or other he changed his creed, and took up his residence at the aforesaid little hamlet. There he began to distribute Protestant tracts among the peasants, and he freely conversed with them, according as opportunities presented themselves, upon the distinctive doctrines of the Roman Catholic and the Reformed Churches. He had a perfect right to do so by the recently enacted terms of the Statute, which conceded to all the subjects of the King everywhere in his dominions the privilege of civil and religious freedom. But Jacquet's conduct was naturally very galling to the Romish priests, and it was not at all to be wondered at that they should resent such a novel procedure on his part. Hitherto it had been forbidden by the Code pénal for anyone to speak, write, or preach anything against the time-honoured doctrines of the Papacy. Moreover, it was clearly contrary to one of the rival codes of legal jurisprudence to do so. Accordingly Jacquet, by the instigation of the priests, was arrested by the police at night, taken from his home and family—consisting of a wife and several children—handcuffed, and chained to a man who was accused of murder, and in this fashion was conducted to the prison at Chambéry, and there lodged in a cell, where I first visited him. It was a veritable Black Hole—about nine feet long and six feet wide—hardly a ray of light in it.

There this man was incarcerated for six weeks before his trial, doomed to bad food, bad lodging, and bad air. When I asked and obtained a copy of the *procès verbal*, I was astonished, as well I might be, to find that the only charge brought against him for which he was treated in this cruel and despotic manner was, that "he, the said Jacquet, was in the habit of selling obscene books—*des livres obscènes*—that is to say, Bibles and Testaments—and "that upon the public way—*sur la voie publique*—he was guilty of blasphemy in saying that our blessed Lord had brothers and sisters." These are the very words of the indictment copied from the document handed to me by the governor of the gaol. After a time, he appeared before "the Court of Cassation" in presence of six judges, and though ably defended by the best counsel that could be obtained, the Court decided against him. I was present, and heard the case tried and the judgment of the Court. The judges said that the accused pleaded guilty to the charge of having circulated Bibles and tracts, and that he

had stated, contrary to the religion of the State, that our Lord had brothers and sisters; that by the Code pénal this was an offence against the law, and that as such, the accused should be imprisoned in the same place for a period of six months, and also he should pay a fine of three hundred francs. Accordingly, back to his cell poor Jacquet had to go. His counsel in vain protested against the rigour of the sentence, and pointed out that it was directly contrary to the terms of the "Statut." The judges said that might be, but since the old law was not abrogated, the condemned was liable to punishment for its infringement. There were not wanting precedents for the course taken in this matter. Two were cited, one the case of a young man who was condemned to penal servitude for life for the same alleged offence—blasphemy; the other who had been for the same offence dealt with more leniently by having a shorter term of forced labour. It was openly stated by the judge that Jacquet was mercifully dealt with in the mild sentence pronounced against him. Here is one instance out of many which could be cited in order to point out the anomalous condition of the dual control of two sets of laws which in several particulars were in flagrant opposition to each other.

It is satisfactory to be able to add that, having drawn up a petition to the King, which was signed by the English residents in Chambéry, of whom there were about thirty or forty, and many of the inhabitants of the town, it was forwarded to the Minister of Public Justice, Monsieur de Foresta, who immediately sent back a telegram to have Jacquet at once discharged from prison, adding that he was guilty of no crime. Two gendarmes waited upon me with orders from the Intendant-Général, who lived at the château overlooking the town. It was pleasant news to hear them say that I was to accompany them to the gaol in order to receive Monsieur Jacquet, by orders received from Turin. It was an unexpected and therefore the more agreeable surprise to the poor prisoner. A very pleasant coincidence was connected with his liberation. Just as we were walking up from the prison into the main street, the Sardinian troops which had come back from the Crimea were making their public entry into Chambéry with our Queen's medals conspicuous on their breasts. That was the last dying act of despotic bigotry which the administrators of the law ever ventured to put into execution during the Savoyard connection with the kingdom of Sardinia.

It is only just to the honour and liberality of the educated inhabitants of the town to add that they were strongly opposed to the prosecution of Jacquet, and it was with feelings of indignation and disgust that they heard of the harsh sentence pronounced against him.

One other example of the old spirit of intolerance may be mentioned to show the period of transition between the old and the new administrations. No person not in communion with the Romish Church could be buried in the "Grand Cemetery." It was absolutely forbidden by the law, both of Church and State. It happened at that time that a poor man —a navvy employed on the railway—died after a lingering illness. Application was made by me to the Syndic—the mayor of the town—to allow the remains of this poor man to be buried in the cemetery, the only place of sepulture in the neighbourhood. I shall never forget his reply: "Oh no, sir; it cannot be, unless with the sanction of the Archbishop. No one who dies outside the pale of the Catholic Church can be buried there!"

"Do you think, sir," I said, "that the Archbishop would consent if application were made to him?"

"I cannot say, but it is not at all probable. Still, I will see, and let you know."

Next morning the Syndic sent word that he wished to see me. On arriving at his office I was told by him that the interment could not take place in the Grand Cemetery.

"Where then, sir?"

"There is a small enclosure outside the town, in ground not consecrated, where the body can be deposited. And the following regulations must be strictly adhered to, viz.: No public procession on foot; two small one-horse carriages only; not more than nine persons to accompany; no robes of office for the minister; and the *cortège* must not move off till the dusk of the evening;" and he added that "a member of the police will be in attendance."

All these requirements were carried out to the letter, except that there were only seven persons at the funeral besides myself. "The enclosure" was the most miserable-looking dust-hole that could be conceived. It was the receptacle for all kinds of rubbish, and was overgrown with noxious weeds. Here dead dogs were thrown, and all such superfluities which were considered as nuisances by the authorities of the town. I noticed there two little "mouldering heaps," indicating the last resting-places of two children of a native Protestant lady. Here, without any robe of office, at sundown, with seven attendants, I read the funeral service over the remains of the poor navvy. While doing so, many of the townspeople, attracted by the unusual sight of a burial in such a place, gathered round the entrance, and respectfully took off their hats while the prayers were being offered up. After all was over, several expressed themselves very indignantly at such a want of decency on the part of the Archbishop and

the police authorities, and predicted that the day was not far distant when the *parti-prêtre* would have to be taught a very different lesson. They were not wrong in their vaticinations. Within six months from that evening the Government placed a piece of ground—well situated by the side of the river which flowed through Chambéry—at the disposal of the Protestant inhabitants. The ground was laid out and planted at the expense of the civic authorities, and in due course it was consecrated and handed over to the Protestants. Soon after two men connected with the railway works died within a few hours of each other. Arrangements were made for their interment on the same day. I shall never forget that occasion. For the first time in the history of Savoy a Protestant was allowed to be buried without the illiberal restrictions as to the hour of the day, the officiating minister, the number of attendants, etc. In fact we had as much liberty in the discharge of this last solemn rite as if one were in England. It was a new and an extraordinary departure from the Papal despotism of the past; and, as something quite unique, public attention was roused to the highest pitch of excitement. The time fixed for the funeral was twelve o'clock. Two hearses bore the coffins, the one of a poor navvy, and the other of a well-to-do railway contractor. Whatever might have been the difference in their lives, there was none in their deaths. Friends subscribed freely to have the body of the poor navvy buried just as that of the rich man. As many of the railway engineers as possible came into Chambéry from the surrounding districts, and at the appointed hour there were not less than two hundred of the little colony of English Protestants assembled to do honour to the departed. Slowly and sadly the procession moved forwards through the streets of the town. Every shop almost was shut. The people to the number of about a thousand followed the hearses on foot, and on our arrival at the cemetery the place was so full of people that I found it no easy matter to make my way to the first open Protestant grave that ever was presented to the sight of the public at a midday funeral service since Savoy became an integral portion of either the French or the Sardinian Governments. Besides the people, there were fourteen Romish priests present. It was a very novel spectacle; but it was more—it was also a very emphatic token of the progress of the civil and religious freedom which, under the auspices of Count Cavour, the Sardinian Prime Minister, had begun to dawn upon the Savoyards. I was the first clergyman of the Church of England who was ever permitted—without any restraint as to time, or robes of office, or any other conventional restriction—to perform the

funeral service in all its details, according to the Book of Common Prayer.

To the credit of the people it must be said that they were unmistakably pleased at this unwonted liberality. They were not particular as to the expression of their opinion. The priests were not eulogized. In fact, the language employed by the citizens, who were almost all of them members of the Roman Church, was far from complimentary. The King and his liberal-minded minister, Count Cavour, were much commended. Many persons who were complete strangers to me came up and warmly shook me by the hand, while they expressed themselves "well pleased that the Protestants were now placed on an equal footing with the Catholics, and that it might long continue so." Many years have elapsed since then. Many changes in Church and State have passed over the little Duchy of Savoy. It was then under the sway of the King of Sardinia, and it is now under the *régime* of the French Republic. The Sardinian kingdom itself exists no more. It is among the things that have been, or, as the Greeks would say, *τὰ πρὸ Εὐκλείδου*. The sudden and unlooked-for development of Cavour's liberal policy spread itself over the Lombardo-Venetian province after Louis Napoleon defeated the Austrians at Solferino. The onward march of civil and religious liberty continued its successful progress until little by little one small kingdom after another in the distracted and priest-ridden peninsula succumbed to the all-conquering power of an enlightened patriotism. At that time Italy was torn to pieces by rival claimants of petty principalities. Besides Victor Emmanuel, who ruled over Piedmont and Savoy, and the Isle of Sardinia, there were the Duke of Parma, the Duke of Modena, the Duchess of Piacenza, the Grand Duke of Tuscany, the King of Naples, and last, but not least, the Pope of Rome. That was the state of things in 1857. The problem awaiting solution was simply this—How shall all these petty states be amalgamated into one, and under the authority of the liberal King Victor Emmanuel? In that year it seemed as hopeless a task as if one were to try to extinguish the volcanic fires in the crater of Mount Etna. I remember meeting a Genoese gentleman, with whom I got into conversation. His mode of settling the difficulty was very simple. "You see, sir," he said, "we will send the Duke of Parma to your Claremont in England, and the Duchess of Piacenza may go with him to keep him company; the Grand Duke of Tuscany we will send to your Bedlam in London; King Bomba, the King of Naples, why, we will hang him; and the Pope may go to Jericho, or Jerusalem if he likes that better. Then we will make Victor Emmanuel King of one

grand united Italy, with civil and religious freedom from the Alps to the Apennines." This short and summary method of unravelling the internal entanglements of Italian discord seemed somewhat amusing, even if it were wild and visionary.

Yet, strange to say, this very state of things substantially, within a few short years, actually came to pass, so far as Italian unity was concerned. Garibaldi drew his sword, and, with a few faithful and lion-hearted followers, he made a clean sweep of all the little dukes and duchesses, together with the King of Naples, and very nearly sent off the Pope to Jericho! Victor Emmanuel was crowned the King of Italy, and the transformation scene was thus complete. Savoy was handed over to France, and thus from the Alps to the farthest boundary of the peninsula, there was but one king and one people. A more remarkable revolution than this, and a more bloodless one, history has never recorded, considering the magnitude of the interests that were at stake, and the diversity of the principalities and powers which had to be broken up.

It was very interesting to watch the gradual and steady advance of the liberal policy of Cavour. He had made up his mind to put an end to sacerdotal exclusiveness and priestly bigotry. At that time no priest could be tried by a secular tribunal. Siccardi brought forward a Bill in the Sardinian Parliament to put an end to this exceptional legislation, and he triumphantly succeeded in carrying it, in spite of a good deal of hostility which the *parti-prêtre* had stirred up against it. Since that date there has been one law both for priest and people. This was a terrible blow to the Vatican. But a heavier one was in reserve. The impending sword was still suspended over the Papacy, and it was not to be sheathed till it cut away from the Church the entire framework of the conventual system. All monasteries and convents were to be suppressed, and the money which they fetched in the market was to be confiscated to the State.

It may seem somewhat harsh and arbitrary to ordinary readers that the property of the Church should be thus laid hold upon by the State and transferred to the public treasury. Many of the inmates of these religious houses were far from leading lives of indolence and ease. There were convents in which the nuns were occupied incessantly in teaching the children of the poor. When the King visited Chambéry on his return from England, about that time, a deputation of ladies waited upon him and presented a petition to his Majesty to spare the convents. His reply was that it was not the intention of the Government to interfere with any of those institutions in which it could be shown that their inmates were engaged in practical works of utility to the people. It was

only in those cases where the monastic or conventual houses were the receptacles of men and women whose useless lives were passed in obscurity, and whose attentions were confined to rules and regulations connected with the interior economy of the convent or monastery in which they lived. This was not the whole of the reasons for the abolition of the system. There can be no doubt that many abuses had arisen in those institutions, of which the Government had ample proof. It was a repetition of what occurred in our own country in the sixteenth century. The question is one into which it is impossible here to enter. I am responsible only for the fidelity of reporting what passed under my own notice during my residence in Savoy, without discussing the merits or demerits of the conventual system which received its death-blow in 1856-57. It is a curious fact, and it reads at this day somewhat like the grim irony of fate, that, previous to the overthrow of the convents and monasteries in Sardinia, the Pope offered the Government a perpetual gift of £40,000 per annum. if they were spared. A very shrewd and intelligent and well-informed priest in the neighbourhood of Chambéry, whom I often visited, assured me that this was perfectly true, and that he stated it on the most reliable authority.

It would be impossible to convey to anyone not resident in Savoy at that period what a complete revolution in ecclesiastical jurisdiction was effected by the introduction of the new code of laws as advocated and enforced by the Liberal Government. Since the days of the Reformation the Romish Church never received a more fatal wound than that inflicted upon her by the policy first introduced by the King into the Sardinian States, and afterwards extended to the whole of Italy, with certain modifications, according as it became subject to his sway.

The history of Italy under Victor Emmanuel forms one of the most interesting episodes in the regeneration of that country. Pio Nono saw the rising tide gradually encroaching upon the States of the Church. He also felt his impotence to arrest it. Still, he decided on doing something; and as in the olden time a Papal Bull produced direful effects upon the minds of those who were easily alarmed by the terrible because unknown power that was attributed to it, so he resolved once more to adopt that line of policy. But it was "too late." The time had gone by in which such spiritual thunder carried terror and alarm into camps and palaces, as well as among the masses of the people. The general feeling was one of pity for the poor old man whose power of punishing fell so far short of his inclination. Civil liberty in its integrity was proclaimed by the King in no uncertain words, and from that

moment the Royal and the Papal programmes were utterly at variance. And here I leave the different administrations of the secular and ecclesiastical powers. Time gradually is showing where, in this conflict of opinion between rival parties, the victory lies. Everywhere the voice of public opinion is heard challenging the *raison d'être* of every institution; and, in the tests which are being applied, everything in Church or State that cannot show cause for its existence will probably be either reformed or entirely swept away.

I turn away from the arena of political animosity to scenes of peaceful repose, and I shall ask my reader to accompany me while I give him a brief sketch of a moonlight ascent of Mont Cenis. There is nothing difficult in it. Anyone with ordinary strength of limb and lung can do it. You can, if you like, keep on the track of the old diligence road all the time. It is not the love of adventure that tempts one to go to the summit of this mountain, but the loveliness of the scenery and the weird wildness of the surroundings. Mont Cenis is not the most picturesque of mountains, but it has the advantage of a very good road, at every turn opening up changes of the landscape which leaves no room for monotony. As I ascended, everything around me was as still as the grave. Silence and solitude reigned complete. The heavens above my head seemed to be more brightly studded with "diamonds in the sky" than I ever remember to have seen on any previous occasion. The Alpine atmosphere was evidently the cause of this increased illuminating power. The air was the purest I ever breathed, and its bracing qualities imparted unusual energy both to mind and body. Sir Walter Scott tells us that if we want to view "fair Melrose aright," we must visit it "by the pale moonlight." But if anyone wants to experience a new sensation of indescribable grandeur, let him go to the summit of an Alpine pass, under the same conditions, like that of Mont Cenis, where, without being in danger of tumbling down some yawning precipice, he can calmly survey the magnificence and the beauty of the expanse of the heavens above him, and the summits of towering mountains below and around him.

As I gained the summit, the silence of the vale below yielded to the roar of the rushing wind tearing along the mountain side. The clouds scudded before the rising breeze, and an imaginative person could easily picture all sorts of fantastic shapes to his mind, as the ever-changing clouds kept altering their fleeting forms at almost every instant. If you never looked upon an Alpine wilderness, you can have no idea of the scene. There is a feeling of the supernatural perpetually present with you, unless you happen to be one of those un-

enviable specimens of the phlegmatic temperament that views everything from a prosaic, matter-of-fact point of view. Let such persons never venture among the poetic regions of Alpine sublimity. Let them get into the train at the nearest station, and go through the Mont Cenis tunnel in darkness made visible by the dim glimmer of a railway lamp. When I ascended the mountain there had been no attempt made to bore a tunnel from Modane to Bardonnèche. We had to go over the summit in the old-fashioned diligence, drawn by a dozen or more mules, "with many a toilsome step and slow." But it gave you the opportunity of walking over the pass, and by getting ahead of the lumbering vehicle you could plunge into the mystic darkness of the scenery, feeling a sense of protection and conscious security from the felt assurance that the diligence was coming on behind. I cannot explain why it was that memory, from its great storehouse, drew forth things and persons from the long and almost forgotten past, which seemed as if the things had only occurred yesterday, and the persons were still in the land of the living. There seemed to be a complete annihilation of time. The old, old past and the present were brought into immediate contact, as if no breach of continuity had ever taken place in the treacherous records of the mind. Things that happened long, long ago appeared to present themselves in all the vivid colouring of the present. Words spoken by old friends came back to me as if by magic. My whole life passed in review before me, and if it were not that I knew I was not far from the track of my fellow-travellers, I verily believe that I should have been overpowered by the impressions made upon me by the feeling of awe which the whole of the circumstances had presented to my mind as a living reality.

There are times of awful heart-searchings in our experience of life—times when past, present, and future, seem commingled in hopeless entanglement. Whence came we? What are we on this earth for? What is the next stage in our history after death? These are questions which from time to time present themselves to the mind of thoughtful men. The patriarch Job was reminded of this mysterious communing of some occult influences by his too candid friend Eliphaz the Temanite. He tells him that in the dead of the night while lying on his bed, and musing upon the visions which had just appeared to him in his dreams, at that solemn hour when other men lay buried in profound sleep, "Fear came upon me, and trembling, which made all my bones to shake. Then a spirit passed before my face, the hair of my flesh stood up. It stood still, but I could not discern the form thereof. . . . . an image was before mine

eyes, there was silence, and I heard a voice." The minds of men have often been agitated by such ghostly ideals, when thus lying on their beds half asleep and half awake. But if anyone who has a soul open to spiritual impressions wants to realize to the fullest extent the solemnity of secretly communing with his own heart, let him make the experiment, for once in his life, of the silence and the solitude of a midnight in the Alps. It is something awful, but also grand. All the moral forces of the soul seem to array themselves before you. Conscience asserts its sovereignty. Memory becomes more than usually suggestive. Reason forces upon you the dread significance of "judgment to come." And then, as you walk slowly on, fancy begins to paint all sorts of imaginary pictures, till you are tempted to mistake the ideal for the real. Phantoms of the imagination seem to present themselves in quick succession, but you cannot, as in the experience of Eliphaz the Temanite, "discern the form thereof." Strange sounds, "the voices of the night," fall upon your ear, and altogether you become so bewildered with excess of feeling, that you almost begin to doubt your personal identity. The whole scene is so unearthly that you cannot explain it to yourself. It is unlike anything you ever felt before. You forget that you are a lonely wanderer, walking in the dead of night in the solitude and silence of an Alpine mountain. I have looked upon many a lovely landscape; I have beheld with delight the summits of towering mountains; I have watched with awe and wonder the heaving billows of the mighty deep; I have gazed in silent rapture upon the heavens, as they rolled in starry splendour above my head—but, what I saw and felt when alone with Nature in her wild retreat, on the bleak top of that solitary mountain, filled my soul with deeper emotions than anything that I had ever before, or since, looked upon on earth.

When Victor Emmanuel visited London, and beheld the pomp and circumstance of State, and the splendour of the reception given to him on his public entry into the Metropolis, he turned to the Marquis D'Azeglio and said, "Contace, Que petits nous sommes en Piémont!"

The one permanent and abiding thought which has ever since my Alpine experience been attending upon me like my own shadow, is the utter littleness and insignificance of man. As I surveyed that wondrous scenery, the words of David came upon my lips—"LORD, what is man, that Thou art mindful of him?" When I saw the moon, in the freshness of her beauty, unveiling her peerless light and throwing her silver mantle over the dark valleys and deep ravines, I felt that I wanted some new language to give expression to my feelings. And as the green and yellow radiance illuminated

the noble panorama, I could but feel, in the spirit of the king's words, Oh! how small we mortals are in this little corner of creation, compared with the greatness and the glory which fill the universe of God!

G. W. WELDON.

ART. V.—WELLHAUSEN'S THEORY OF THE ORIGIN AND STRUCTURE OF THE PENTATEUCH.—PART I.

Prolegomena to the History of Israel. By JULIUS WELLHAUSEN. Edinburgh: Adam and Charles Black.

The Pentateuch, its Origin and Structure. By EDWIN C. BISSELL, D.D. London: Hodder and Stoughton.

IN considering the last and most popular modern theory of the constitution of the Pentateuch, it may be well to quote the frank confession Wellhausen makes of the method by which he arrived at his present notions. "In my early student days," he says with charming *naïveté*, "I was attracted by the stories of Saul and David, Ahab and Elijah; the discourses of Amos and Isaiah laid strong hold on me, and I read myself well into the prophetical and historical Books of the Old Testament. Thanks to such aids as were accessible to me, I even considered that I understood them tolerably, but at the same time was troubled with a bad conscience, as if I were beginning with the roof instead of the foundation; for I had no thorough acquaintance with the Law. . . . . My enjoyment of 'the historical and prophetical books' was marred by the Law; it did not bring them any nearer to me, but intruded itself uneasily, like a ghost that makes a noise indeed, but is not visible, and really effects nothing. . . . . At last I learned that Graf placed the Law later than the Prophets, and, almost without knowing his reasons for the hypothesis, I was prepared to accept it. I readily acknowledged to myself the possibility of understanding Hebrew antiquity without the Book of the Torah."[1]

The fact that prepossessions count more with this school of critics than is usually avowed amongst scientific men is evident from another statement in the preface to Wellhausen's "Prolegomena." Speaking on the arguments drawn from passages "quoted from Amos and Hosea as implying an acquaintance with the Priestly Code," he calmly remarks that "they were not such as could make any impression on those who were

[1] "Prolegomena," English translation, p. 4.